Bantel S. Dickinson and the Baltimore Con-

vention.

from the Rahway Censor in reference to my grandfather, the late Daniel S. Dickinson, and

misstatements have been published, they can

no longer be passed over in silence. I trust

that THE SUN's well-known reputation for

fairness will procure for this denial a space in its columns.

and faithfully in her hour of need, and it can-

not be gainsaid that he was a statesman of

pure and generous ideas, and not the political

trick ster that some uninformed men of to-day would paint him. His published speeches upon all the vital issues of the times, includ-

ing the opening address for the Union, de-

April 20, 1861, together with the war speeches made all over the country, sometimes twice a

day during the beginning of the rebellion, are

livered at the great mass meeting in New York.

Daniel S. Dickinson served his country well

SOOD STURIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

have been found sooner or later, but perhaps not until the spring house-cleaning, and a great deal of trouble and annoyance would have meanwhile resulted.

One morning, five or six years ago, a mershant in a town in Kentucky awoke to find that he had been robbed during the night. Money to the amount of \$67, a gold watch, and a diamond pin had been taken from his clothing, while he and his wife had slept through the night unconscious that anything unusual was going on. The first thing was to find out how the burglar got in. Every door and window was fast, no violence had been used, and the acutest detective was bailled. That is, while the mershant was firm in his belief that the house had been robbed by outsiders, the detectives could find no evidence to sustain him. On the contrary, everything went to show that some inmate of the house was the offender. Besides the merchant and his wife, there was a clerk in the store, the wife's sister, a colored cook, and two colored servants. These three colored people slept over the kitchen, far away, and could not for a moment be suspected. The clerk had been in the merchant's employ for several years, and the only other one was a relative. It was therefore impossible to suspect any one, and so no arrest was made. The incident was of course the talk of the family for the next fortnight, and it had not yet been worn out when another surprise was sprung on them.

Again the merchant awoke at his usual hour to find that he had been mysteriously visited again. A roll of bills amounting to \$185 had been taken from his trousers pocket, and the gold watch which he had borrowed of his sisterin-law that very day was gone. Again the doors and windows were found all right, and again the delectives were called in. This time they declared that one of the colored maids was the thief. She was questioned and cross-questioned, but no ciue was o tained, and in her Indignation at being suspected of such a crime she left the house. The other servants Indignation at being suspected of such a crime she left the house. The other servants would have gone, too, had they not been frankly told that the merchant would as soon suspect his own wife as them. The clerk naturally felt embarrassed over the situation, and insisted on occupying a room at the store. Matters run along for about three weeks, when one night, shortly after midnight, the merchant was awakened by the voice of his sister-in-inw, and he sprang up to flad his wife ac-sent. It was explained that she had gone down stairs, and the husband hustily three on his clathes and set out to find her. It seemed that the sister-in-iaw s creity che, issed a suspicion of one of the servants, and each night, after the last robbery, had been the last one to go to bed. She had attetched a thread across the unser hall in such a way that it must be broken by any one passing, and the breaking must alarm her. She was asieep when the signal came, but she got to her door in time to see the half-dressed wife descending the stairs. The merchant found the kitchen door open, and he spenta quarter of an hour looking around before his wife was discovered. She then came from the direction of an open field, and though he speks to her, expressing his amazement at her actions; she passed by nim without a word, her eyes wide open and looking straight shead. He followed her into the house and up snaire, and she went straight to the bod and covered herself up, and in a moment was as quiet as any sleeper.

and she went straight to the bed and covered herself up, and in a moment was as quiet as any sleeper.

That it was a case of semnambulism there could be no donot; that she was the burglar seemed to be certain when the merchant inspected his clothing and found that he had again been robbed—this time of about \$40. The wife was not awakened, and next morning, when told of her selventure, she could searcely credit his words. She could not remember of having had any dream about money or burglars, nor had she the remotest idea of how far she went from the house, or in which direction. She had pulled on her stockings and shoes before going out. These were inspected, and three or four burrs were found clinging to the stockings. Near a hollow stump on the commons, and fully a quarier of a mile from the bouse, was a large burdock. The merchant examined the stump, and there, carefully wrapped in a piece of burlap, were his two witches and the lost money. The wife could not remember ever having noticed the stump, and she had certainly never kone within fifty feet of it in her waking hours. On two other occasions within the next month she got up and wandered over the house in her sleep, seeming to be in search of something, but not finding it. The habit or mania, or whatever it may be termed, then left her as suddenly as it came on, and she was not known to walk again except in her waking senses.

of law papers to take home with me from the office, but forgot them as I went to supper. After supper I want back to the office to secure them. I unlocked the door just about sundown. Some of the blinds being shut, the room was quite dark, and I left the door open in order to see my way to the desk. I had started across the room whom I saw a man in my chair at the desk. As the door had been looked, I was naturally startled. I haited midway between the door and my desk, and at that moment the stranger, who had his head down as if writing, looked up.

at the desk. As the door had been looked, I was naturally startled. I haited midway between the door and my desk, and at that moment the stranger, who had his head down as if writing, looked up.

"Why. Unde Peter!" I gasped, recognizing him in a moment as my unde.

His looked straight at me without replying. I was ten feet away and the room was dusky, but I could have aimost counted his eye winkers. He was old fashloned in his draws, and not over tidy. I noticed on the right-hand anel of his black coat a bit of raveiling or thread, and his necktie was also awry.

"When did you come, and why didn't you some to the house?" I asked, at the same time feeling a chill creep over me.

No answer was returned, but as I took a step forward the figure seemed to dissolve, and I reached the chair to find it empty. I was in perfect health and good spirits, and when I lound I had been made a fool of I was angry at anysol. I stopped back to see if I could bring line evening shadows into play to make up any such flurure, but I could not. I sat down to resall what I was thinking of as I entered the office, but it was of trifling matters, which could not have plunged me into a revery. I very much disliked to own up beaten, and probably did more to try to reason the thing out and sxp ain it away than the reader will. It was no use. The fact remained that I had seen my Uncle Peter stiting in the office chair, and that he had vanished as I approached.

Next morel ig at 10 o'clock I received a despatch from my New Engand aunt asying that my uncle was dead, and asking me to come on at once. I took the first train east, and in dustime arrived at the old farm house, to find everything ready for the funeral. My uncle had died stiting in his own chair at his own chair at his own desk, while writing a letter to me about some business, and at about the hour counting the divided between the wife and three children, and it was well known to all the heirs that he had made a will. When we came to search for it no paper of the sort cound be foun lying down up stairs, and the hiredgirl had gone to her home, a couple of miles away. The piace was very quiet, and I had been very busy for a tew minutes, when I looked up and saw for a tew minutes, when I looked up and saw for a tew minutes, when I looked up and saw for a tew minutes, which is the door of the bedroom which led off the sitting room. He was facing me, and was about twelve feet away. It was lighter in the room than in my office at the time I saw him, but the view was not as distinct. That is, I could not get the expression of his face so well, nor could I determine whether he was looking into my eyes or over my head.

whether he was looking into my eyes or over my head.

It was Uncle Peter, sure enough. There were the same beat form, gray bairs, and stoop shoulders. I was ready to make oath to it on a thousand B bies. On the previous occasion I known it was Uncle Peter alive; this time I knew it was Uncle Peter alive; this time I knew it was Uncle Peter dead. I am not assamed to say that I was broken up in a second. I persided and trembled, and I feit my hair crawling up. My first thought was to boilt, and the only reason I didn't attempt it was that hind hot the strength to rise from my shair. It was a long a hunt, and werhaps two of them that we gazed at each other without a word or a move to break the spell. Then he dissolved as before, and I saw only vacancy where I had behied his sand form. The first move I made was to dash across the room into the kitchen, and thence out doors, and laugh at me if you will. I had not the courage to reinter the house until I heard my aunt moving about. Then I went in and to do her what I had seen, and together we entered the deduction of rallook around. On a shelf behind

Illram Weston's Double.

It has often been said that somewhere in this world every person has his double. The assertion is too broad for acceptance, but it is certain that there are doubles, and that the close similarity between people has led to many grave complications. It is not yet ten years ago that a man named Hiram Weston, living in a small town in Ontarlo, was bired by a tinsmith to drive a peddier's waron. He made two trips and started on a third, but after he had been sone two days the outlit was raturned by a farmer, who said that it had been left in his barnvard at night. As Weston was missing, search was at once begun, and it was finally shown that he had been seen in company with two strangers at a railway station, where all had taken the train for Buffalo. As the tin-mith had lost nothing he did not care to follow the case up. It was prefty generally known that Weston and his wife did not live agreeably, and although she insisted that he had met with foul play, and wanted the search continued, it was soon dropped on the idea that he had run away from her. He was little missed by the community, and when the case was called up it was universally conceded that he would turn up safe when he got ready.

One day, five months after his disappearance, Weston returned. He was first seen at the depot by three or iour citizens who had known him for ten years. One of these, a Mr. Williams, saluted him with:

"Well, HI, you aren't dead?"

Oh. no." ago that a man named Hiram Weston, living

Come back to stay ?"

"Well, HI, you aren't dead?"
"Oh. no."
"Come back to stay?"
"I guess so."
"Which way have you been?"
"Out West."
"I was taking with your wife yesterday, and she said you had nover written a line to her."
Weston grinned and scratched his head, but made no repy. A Mr. De Mann then said:
"We spent four weeks looking for a case of murder. Next time you are going to step out you'd better let some of us know it."
"Yes, I will," answered Weston, as he started up the street. It was afterward remembered that he act dike a strange man in a strange nince. He inquired of a boy about hotels, and the lad directed him to one, and added:

"I saw your boy Fred yesterday, and he has got an awful bein on his leg."

The landord of the hotel saluted him as HI Weston, as did some of the guests, and the fact of his engaging board was not considered strange, though his wife lived only a mile away. Perhaps he didn't intend to go back to her at all, or perhaps he wanted to got certain promises before he did go back. He entered the town at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was 8 in the evening when his son Fred, a boy of 10, and his daughter Edith, a girl of 7, called at the hotel to urge him to come home. They kissed him, called him father, and he seemed glad to see them. In the presence of the landlord he asked some questions about their mother which seemed very strange at the time, but were at once forgotten. He asked her age, how many children she had, how being the father had been gone, and what volation he followed when at home, He did not ask these questions direct, but yet in such a manner that sails factory answers were returned, and in such a way as to exuse the landlord to remark.

"Why, HI, one would think you had forgotten your family and had ion; yourself."

"Yes," he replied, as he rose up to go with the children. Such a house to speak in his praise. At the end of about six months a heart woor three days he went to work dixing a well for a citizen, and for the rate work had her a such a for the rate of the action where he

The merchant examined the stump, and there carefully wrapped in a piece of burlap, were his two watches and the lost money. The wife could not remember ever having noticed the stump, and she had certainly never gone within fifty feet of it in her waking hours. On two other occasions within the next month she got up and wandered over the house in her sleep, seeming to be in search of something, but not finding it. The habit or mania, or whatever it may be termed, then left her as studenly as it came on, and she was not known to wak again except in her waking senses.

My Uncle's Mistaid Will.

I am fully aware of the fact that, where anything supernatural is concerned, one might append the affidavits of haif a dozen well-known people and still be unable to convince the reader of the truth of the statements set forth. I am, however, going to relate a curious thing which happened to me in 1870. I was then living in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and my only living re-atives were an uncle and aunt occupying a farm a few miles from Springfield, Massachusetts.

On the 4th day of August I mads up a bundle of law papers to take home with me from the office, but forçot them as I went to supper, After supper I went back to the office to secure them. I unloved the new for its about supernatural about supernatural short of the suppers and the firm the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the office, but forçot them as I went to supper, After supper I went back to the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the office, but forçot them as I went to supper, After supper I went back to the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the office to secure them. I unloved the new form the other went and the Judge who sentened him further identified him.

Who, then, was the other them this distinct him the other; he had a had not some them the suppers to the firm the form the firm the firm the firm the firm the firm the firm and has not since been heard from. When be people came to see and talk with the true Weston many peculiarities were remembered. He used more caths than the other; he had a habit of spitting as he talked; his voice was somewhat gruffer; he never stood for two minutes without hitching up his trousers, sailor fashion; he acknowledged some small debts, which the other totaily repuddated. The children had no explanations to offer, as the true father had never exhibited any affection for thom. The stranger had been more kind, and no suspicion of his identity had been born. The wife was covered with confusion, but she offered in explanation the fact that Weston had been absent five months. She had noticed many changes, but all for the better. The stranger was not a talkative man, while her bushand was, but she got over this by thinking he had met with trouble while away. She used sometimes to be startled for a moment as she looked at him, or as he propounded some question which would have been asked by a stranger, but as for denying that he was her husband, she had never thought of it. One day, after her father's family had been to the house, her mother said:

"Lucy, there is something queer about Hl. He's either got some trouble on his minut or eise he's going insane. Didn't you hear him ask when our barn burned, as if both of you were not sleeping in our house that night and he did not discover the blaze first?"

Who was the second Hiram Weston, or the man who assumed the name? The real one was a foundling from New York city. It was not simprobable that he had a twin brother, and that the stranger was the one. It was possible, too, that the stranger was not related to him, though his double. Why he went away as he did was a further mystery, for he could not have foreseen that anything was to happen. But for the evidences in black and while people would have believed him a ghost. The writer has no further theories to offer. He has known Hiram Weston and family ever since the stranger has people would invent such a st

for twenty-five dollars the day after the carrinquake, and negiceted to put my name in any newspaper. I make, I suppose, \$10,000 a year. Statethissum: As\$25 is to \$10,000 a year. Statethissum: As\$25 is to \$10,000 a year. Statethissum: As\$25 is to \$10,000 so is \$20 to \$50,000. Where will you come out? Statethis another way, and that is the way that it will strike the people most. How many laboring men are there who gave from their little carnings a soling include that the charleston sufferests? There were a great many in this country, I tell you. What percentage does that poor man's dollar hear to his earnings as soumpared with the President's \$20, and that, too, a month afterward? But you will you that has a great big fittle man. "But you will you that has a great big fittle man." If suppose they will; they don't know any better. The people somehow like that sort of thing."

PEOPLE WHO CARRY PISTOLS. Only 8,000 of Them Licensed in New York

but Thousands Ignore the Law. For good reasons and \$2.50 a year-if you can demonstrate your respectability to the police Captain of the precinct in which you live-you may carry a pistol. You have first to make your application for a permit, in writing, to the Captain, explaining fully who you are and setting forth the abnormal condition of things that makes you want to lug around a heavy instrument that you hope will never be of the slightest use to you. There is no use in trying for a permit if you have an established reputation as a tough citizen, and the officer is not likely to look with favor on your petition if you have only excuses of mysterious generality, such as "there's a lady's husband who is

reputation as a tourn citizen, and the omeer is not likely to look with favor on your petition if you have only excuses of mysterious generality, such as "there's a lady's husband who is said to be a ba-sad man."

If you succeed in convincing the Castain that you ought to be trusted with a gun, he approves your application and forwards it to the Supering and to the Police, who signs and issues to you a permit good for a year, which has a duplicate sub in a book at Police Headquarters, and is about the size of a pawniticket. That standard of measure ment suggests itself as possessing the double advantage of giving a definite idea to those whose social conditions render them familiar with the pawniticket, and little likely to get a pistol permit, while it enables those who have permits to know the size of a pawniticket. When you get that permit you pay \$2.50 for it, and then you are supposed to go off and buy your outsol—which you have probably been carrying a long time already.

There are very grave doubts as to whether the law requiring people to have permits for the carrying of pistols is constitutional or not. Probably it isn't, but the license fee involved is small, and it is easier to any it and be on the safe side than to pay a line four times as great to a polee justice for carrying a pistol without a permit, and then plunge into a troubled sea of leral proceedings, where the sailing will be expensive, to beat the law and cet the \$10 back. Perhaps the law as it stands how and then prevents a member of the dangerous classes from carrying a pistol—when he thinks he isn't liavle to want one; but in the opinion of the police authorities the persons who take out pistol permits are those who might just as safely be trusted to carry when he thinks he isn't liavle to want one; but in the opinion of the police authorities the persons who take out pistol permits when the thory was carried pistols. The next lee was the lap sation of a ienus fee of \$1, and then there was a large diminution in the number of pistols ar

cation of the permit by the Board of Police Commissioners.

But the inefficiency of the permit system in prayenting the popular practice of pistol carrying is amply domonstrated constantly in the police stations and courts. There is hardly a barroom row, or a street fight, or a biene riot among the "gangs" in which the crack of the revolver is not heard. Daily and nightly the police find pistols upon the prisoners they arrest for misdemeanors, while the bolder criminals, whose prisosens is felony, deem the pistol one of their most necessary tools, and are seldem without it. In fact, we are quite prepared for, if we have not already reached, the condition of that Western town, of which the local poet wrote:

All nite long, in this sweet littel villale, You here the soft note of the pictim.

Pistols are sold not only by the regular

You here the soft note of the pixiliand the pleasant street of the victim.

Pistols are sold not only by the regular dealers in frearms and the sporting goods houses, but in hardware stores, by pawn-brokers, in many jewellers shops on the llowery and in the lower part of the city, by the alop-shop dealers on the river froots, and in many other places. The big stores on Broadway, Chumbers and Warren streets and on Maiden lane, sell fewer pixols at retail than the small dealers do in those parts of the city where a pistol is universally recognized as a handy thing to have, "yet one large sporting goods house opposite the Park alone sells fully 1,000 revolvers a year. It is quite true that the pistols sold at that particular establishment go—as a rule—to gentlemen sportsmen, and that many of them are bought by cersons residing out of the city, but there is still a large percentage of them retained here as part of the enormous aggregate pistol stock. many of them are bought by persons residing out of the city, but there is still a large percentage of them retained here as part of the enormous aggregate pistol stock.

It is flegal to sell pistols to boys. In practice, the leading stores will sell pistols to minors only when the minors are accompanied by adults, and the sales are nominally made to the adults, but there are numbered of shops where the only two requirements in such transactions are that the boy shall have the money to pay for the bistol and be big enough to lug it away. Boys, particularly those of the hoodium class, are the principal buyers of the cheap, "pot-metal" revolvers of the scheep, "pot-metal" revolvers of the scheep, "pot-metal" revolvers of the sort that sell at wholesale for from 60 cents to \$1.00 each and retail from \$1.50 to \$4-collectively known in the trade as "trash" and "truck." It is a significant fact that in almost every murder perpetrated by shooting here, one of these cheap pistols, and generally the big-bored thing known as a "British buildog," has been the weapon employed.

Chinamen buy a great many pistols and invariably purchase the best they can find, paying for them from \$12 to \$18. When asked what they buy them for, the response, in nine-teen cases out of twenty, is either "send home. China." or "take home. China." Chinese laundrymen in localities where the tough clement abounds, generally keep pistols in their establishments, for sell protection and occasionally take out licenses for carrying them. One on the list at Headquarters bears the gorgeous cymbal-ciashing name of Wong Chong Quong. The Italians are great buyers of cheap pistols, of course they prefer knives and stilettos, but anything that will kill has charms for them excepting a citot, they are more afraid of a club than of a scythe or a gun.

RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WEST. Barstow Benta Goodwin and Two Others by

at the depot in St. Thomas less than a month and the depot in St. Thomas less than a month ago. The particulars berein given, strange as they may read, were againered from their own line, and who can imaxine they would inventified and the strange of the strange of the particular shown in the strange of the strange of the particular shown in the strange of the stra From the Missouri Republican. The men were all out in good time and showed

which it shall be my chief ambition to discovarge. I came not here with instructions, but with expectations stronger than instructions, that I would vote for an i endeavor to procure the nomination of that distinguished citizen and statesmen. Gen. Lewis Case of Michigan,"

The report of the proceedings says that "at this point a number of magnificent bequeues were thrown by the addes occupying one of the gaileries, and found and long continued were the huzzas and other demonstrations of applause."

After making an urgent appeal in behalf of Gen. Case, Mr. Dickinson said, in conclusion: "We cannot find a single individual acceptable to us all. Every one can pass criticisms upon opposing candidates, and even upon his own peculiar favorite. None are perfect. Every one can be charged with defects, real or fanded. It will be a long time before we can come together in havor of any one man if each insists on being absolutely satisfied. There are many stars in the gainxy. Let us, then, cease our struggles and act in a spirit of torbearance, conditation, and compromise. I tender my most grateful thanks to my friends of the 'Ohi Dominion' for the choice offering they have brought me, and congratulate them and all others upon the good temper which prevails in this convention. I ask them not to expect me to depart from the line of my intentions, and I know they will not. My spirit is willing and the flesh is not weak; the highest temptation, I repeat, could not induce me to depart from the line of my intentions. tion. Cass sent to Mr. Dickinson the following

Washington, June 10, 1852.
My Dran Sin: Lam not pulm to write yen a long letter, but hope it will not be an insatisfactory one. I think you from my beart for all you do! for me at Baltimore. I shall never forget it. In ever had a truer friend, and it is right to tell you so. Ever your friend.

LEWIS CASS. The memory of such a man should protect his name from unjust and hasty criticism. AUSBURN M. DICKINSON.

TONS OF HAIRPINS. Lots of Money Made Out of Woman's Fa-

vorite Mechanieni Implement. "How many hairpins does a lady wear in a year?" repeated a cierk on Woodward avenue, with a smile. "Well, that just depends on how many she loses. Many ladies sow their hairpins as they go, while others are so careful that they use only one box a year. Then, too, it just depends on how many daughters one has. We sell hundreds of pounds a year-that is, of the plain kinds. We've seen the time when we could pretty nearly pay our rent out of our hairpin trade, but since these fancy hairpins have come into style that could not be done. Then, too, this fad of shingling off the back hair makes a difference. One can't wear pins, you see, in short hair, and with the hair drawn up on top one doesn't need so many."

"We buy our hairpins," said another dealer, "by the hundred weight, and sell a gross a day, that is of the English steel."

"How many do you seil at a time?"

"Oh we have any number of sustemers who From the Detroit Tribune.

day, that is of the English steel."
"How many do you sell at a time?"
"Ob we have any number of sustamers wh

day, that is of the English steel.

"How many do you sai at a time?"

"Oh, we have any number of customers who buy a pound at a time. If a lady has a family of daughters a pound insts only a short time."

"What becomes of them?"

"Well, you'll have to ask some one else. That's a conundrum yet to be solved. They sip out of sight most certainly and in the most unaccountable way."

"Is there no way of making them so they will be secure?"

"A good many ways have been tried. Some think the crimped pin the most secure. The sike pin, a French invention, which is covered with sike the exact shade of the hair, stays in place botter than the steel pin. There is a wonderful variety of hairpins. The gilt silver, shell, invisible—all these come in different sizes, and are light, smooth, and comfortable. Then there are rubber pins for dark hair and amber for golden locks. There are a great many fancy pins worn, and this, of course, takes from the sales of the common kinds."

"What hairpin do you consider the best?"

"The English we prefer. The Franch are good, but the American are rough and heavy. We never keep the American hairpin. This year we are brinking charming fancy pins for the salorament of the hair. Moonstones are very popular and so are those of fligree work of gold, delicate as coloweb, and floral pins of exquisite beauty and butterflies, in the pale gold and alloys of the gayest tints. The delicate old-fashioned tortoise shell pins such as our grandmothers wore in high back combs, are very fashionable for the back hair. They are exquisitely thin, but very frail, and are as difficult to mend if broken as eggshell china."

Making a tour of the Woodward avenue stores, it was found that the seles of hairpine approximated wery olosely at each averaging several hundred gross every three or all and as

Making a tour of the Woodward avenue stores, it was found that the sales of hairpins approximated very glossly at each averaging several hundred gross every three or six months. "As the woman's mechanical tool," said a male habertasher, married, by the way, "the hairpin is unrivalled. It is to a woman what a jackknife is to a boy, and it is the only sharppointed instrument that she can manage with skill. With a hummer she pounds her fingers; with a serewdriver she jabs her hands; but a hairpin she can twist and turn into all kinds of feminine family uses. With a hairpin a woman buttons her gloves and occasionally her boots, tears open her letters, cuts the pages of her latest fashion book or magazine, draws out corks, picks out nuts, pine up a rip, fastens in her flowers, makes up fioral designs, pines down her garden vines, fastens up the curtains, unknots a shoestring, mends her jaweiry, suspends plaques, sticks up receipies cut with it from a newspaper, snuffs candles, scoons out her vines and cleaus—well, uses it for any quantity of toilet purposes. If there is any one article more necessary to the comfort of women for family use than the magic hairpin, it isn't down in the directory.

"There is luck, too, in hairpins. To find a hairpin is a good omen, especially if the points are turned toward you. That simple position doubles the luck. To pass one by without picking it up, turn's one's luck. Do you know that just now there is a fancy among young mon for collecting hairpins, and it is said that several young society gentlemen have an assortment, picked up in different ways, and which represent to them agreat deal of female loveliness?"

From the Chicago Mail.

There has not been a great strike at the stock varies, nor a big church piente, nor a sunday senoul dark, nor a big church piente, nor a sunday senoul dark, nor a big church piente, nor a sunday senoul dark, nor a big church piente, nor a successor, and the state of Line, nor an election, nor weers through the state of Line, nor an election, nor weers through ment of the property owners of a thoroughter for pavement that the name of Father Flannigan dess not digure in print. Draw, in your mind's eye, the picture of a small-framed, hungry-looking little man, clean shaven, and clad in black. It will be just like Father Flannigan. He cannot be much were fe, always wears a tail, black, stove-pipe hat, and is never seen without a came. He makes his headquartiers when nown town in one or the other of the brokerage offices in the Grand Pacific. He is oftenist in F. C. Hollins & Co. a, where Waggoner presides. He, however, is often, too, in Jones McCornoice & Keninsti's Amount the brokers Father Plannigan is known as the speculating dominis. When John R. House was running his deal in the M. K. and T. It is send that he put rather Flannigan in with him. Houte is, I think, a parishinner of the clever priest. That is promisely all the speculating that he ever dut. I had followed that his sitting about the brokerage offices is more for the nurses of the sting acquaintainess than for trailing Freedilent John Newell of the Lake Shore is as near to Sahre Flannigan has John & Lone Shore is as near to Sahre Flannigan has some of the broke side, indeed, the special of the promise is a first of the shore is an extra father Flanningan has some of the most elegant from a Catholic structures on the Bunleward at Fifty diffuratest.

**Mr. Barkoop," he said, thickly, "Pim a (hic)

'Mr. Barkeep." he said, thickly, "I'm a (hic) double track railroad crossing an' when you hear a whistle you want to look out for the ears."

Well, whistle softly, "responded the barrander, mapping off the counter, "for I'm a steeping ion, an' if I'm woke up suddenly you'll think you're surrounded by a couple of Charlestou cartinguases. So whistle softly, stranger, or I may leak my tall an' roar."

ORGANISTS AND ORGAN MUSIC. The Work, Pay, and Troubles of the Makers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: THE The artistic industry most affected by the Sun of the 17th inst. contains an article copied incursions of amateurs, in the opinion of its professors, is organ playing. When a young person attains a certain degree of proficiency in extracting correlated noises of a more or the Baltimore Convention of 1852, which is in-accurate. As it is not the first time that such less painful character from the melodeon or some other wickedly exaggerated form of that execrable instrument, the accordion, an ambitious desire to wrestle with a real organ is almost inevitable. The real organ is a ponderous and costly thing, rare in private houses and most readily found in churches. Consequently the ambitious amateur employs every influence and wile at his or her command t obtain a place in some church as organist. asking no other reward than freedom to practise. There does not seem to be any apparent reason why the social respectability of belonging to a church and the musical turpitude of playing on the melodeon should go together, but unfortunately it is the fact that a made all over the country, sometimes twice a day during the beginning of the rebellion, are a lasting refutation of the insimuations contained in the Marcy letters as published in This Sux of Aug. 22, 1886. As to the article of the Rahway paper in your lesue of the 17th Inst., it is difficult to reconcile its statements with the opinion expressed in the editorial columns of This Sux on the 18th day of October, 1884, under the heading of Take Warning from the Past," as follows: "But Dickinson arose and add that he was elected to the Convention as a friend of Gen. Cass, and was not himself a candidate. But for this speech he would have been nominated."

On the norming of the fifth day of the Convention, on the call of the States for the thirty-fourth ballot for a Presidential candidate, the Virgit is delegation, which had retired for consultation, came in, and cass her vote for Daniol S. Dickinson of New York. "This," says the report of the proceedings, "was received with faver." Mr. Dickinson, who was present as a delegate from New York, immediately took the floor, general consent being given, and addressed the Convention, as follows: "Mr. President, I came not here to espeak: but I should be much more or much less than human if I could inthe these circumstances be silentif I could make and address this Convention without the very despect emotion. I came here not for myself, but as the representative of others, clothed with the bigheat functions, which it shall be my chief ambition to discharge. I came not here with instructions, but with expectations stronger than instructions, that I would vote for an endeavor to precure vast majority of melodeon players are church members, and consequently have what in po-

pitulo of playing on the melodeon should go togother, but unfortonately it is the fact that a vast majority of melodeon players are church members, and consequently have what in popolitical nomenclatures denominated "a pull" against the outsiders, particularly when the pious amateurs are ready to play for nothing, while the professionals demand salary. Owing to this improper competition, the prices commanded by professional organists are poinfully disproportionate to the time, study, and talent required to develop artistic players. There are only about swenty-flow organists in the Musicians' Union, which is made up of professionals, but there cannot be least than five hundred other players in New York and Brooklyn. The best organists in New York and Brooklyn, in the estimation of musicians, are Mr. G. W. Morgan of Rutsers Presbyterian Church; S. P. Warren, Grace Church; Dr. S. N. Penfield, Broadway Tabernaels; Mr. Mulligan, St. Leo's: A. Messiter, Trinity Church; Mr. Giibert, Trinity Chapei; Mr. Lejoine, St. John's; J. Mosenthal, Calvary; W. Johnson, S. Panifs (M. E.) Undiey lluck, Holy Trinity (Brooklyn); A. S. Caswell of St. Stephen's (Broglyn), and Fred Archer, editor of the Keynöte, The salaries of professional organists run all the way from the 550 presented at Christians time by the music committee to the young reas who can piay, not very well, you know, but well enough to granist of Trinity. Church corporation pays the best salaries to fits organists, allowing, in addition to the 55,000 to Mr. Messiter, \$3,500 to the organist of Trinity Church corporation pays the best salaries to fits organists, allowing, in addition to the 55,000 to Mr. Messiter, \$3,500 to the organist of Trinity Chapel, and \$3,000 to him of St. John's.

The question of salary is not only dependent upon the weat th and style of the church and the requirements upon him for service and the arrangements in may be able to make repeating the supplying of the choir, Aimost nitrost of the church and story the supplying of the church and the r lose their voices or get into some scandal, or a new music committee holsts the banner of retrenchment and reform." And changes among organists in the best class of churches—speasing of t'em from a financial standooint—are even more infrequent than those in the choirs. In England, and indeed generally through Europe, an organist's appointment is for life, subject to his own pleasure and good behavior, of course. It is believed there that such assured permanency of position conduces to get the best and most conscientious service from the organist.

from the organist.

Mossra Mossiter, Leieune, Gilbert, Ponfield, Mutikan, Mosenthal, and Johnson, all have a great deal of influence in the selection of the deal of influence in the characters, and the confer with the pastor, learn what sort of music he is going to want, select it, and give it at least one rehearsal with the choir before the Sunday in which it is to be performed. But where there is a precentor he has to take the responsibility of suiting the particular than nothing to do but play, as good Christians are instructed to eat 'that which is set before them and ask no questions, for conscious exists, when a choir is got into good working order one rehearsal a week is deemed, sufficiently in the organist's life, 'taking one consideration with another,' is not a happy in ma, and then the organist's life, 'taking one consideration with another,' is not a happy in ma, and then the organist's life, 'taking one consideration with another,' is not a happy in ma, and strifes, in all of which the organist's leaventh and the presentation of the prettiest member of the choir, whatever the question may be, but he can only do that safely where he does not furnish the choir by contract, and consequently does not have the responsibility of keeping the pears among his excitable song birds. For surposes of rehearsals, the plan is generally pretured to the organ, except that the last trial of a new piece of music is customarity with the strent, who doesn't care a pun whether atraged or an one-deal organist. I want the contract, and consequently responsibility of keeping the pears among his excitable song birds. For surposes of rehearsals, the plan is got more than a very flow who really appreciate and tower than a very flow who really appreciate and tower than a very flow who really appreciate and tower than a very flow who really appreciate and love its music. It is too big and overwhelming fo

Sporting Notes.

R. C. Pate will sell his rane horses in December.

It is reported in the West that Milion Young will reappear on the turf heat season with a string of young racers.

Bitly McLean of Philadelphia save he will match his puril, Jack Lynch, for \$250 against any 125-pound man in the country.

Among the Higgin two-rear-olds next year, look out for a full brother to Long Taw. He is already reported as exceedingly tast.

Slosson defeated Schaefer in a game of 14-inch balk line buillards in at Pant, Out 13. Score, Out to 401. Showson's best run, 221, wherefer a 161.

John Murphy will sell his sicks of five or six running horses next week. John has used the thoroughbrude for the purpose of quickening the gair of trothers.

The backers of Evan Lewis, the Stranglet, are anxious to match him to weedle look action a mixed in the for \$1.000 a side, the match to be decided in this city on love. R. C. Pate will sell his race horses in December. Nov. 8.

Pete McCoy, the middle weight, has deposited \$100 with Stehard K. Fox tora match with either Jose Flingworth, Seek Fegarty, Jimmy Carroll, Jack Ashton, or Frank Hearid. liarry Wilkes's instrace was at Omaha, on Oct. 19, as follows:

BOTES IN THE NORTH WOODS. What the W. A. B. N. Club Will Write About When Out of Paws,

PAUL SMITH'S, Oct. 22 .- The W. A. B. N. Club has just finished exploring the Adirondacks. It will issue a book about it, showing that no correct information has ever been published concerning the woods, and that all previous knowledge about them is erroneous. It will do this for the same reason that most books of the kind are written; that is, because the club knew nothing about the region before it went there, and, consequently, has a right to suppose that what it saw will be as new to others as it was to its members. The only thing that can prevent the publication will be the absence of the funds to meet the expenses.

At present the whole club, except its President, is strapped and hung up in pawn here till its wives and fathers and partners send in shough to get it home. But if the book ever should be published the following curious truths will be found in it. (These will be all that will prove of interest in the book. The rest will be merely fine writing and puffs):

A WILDRENESS ONLY IN NAME.

From Westport, on Lake Champiain, to Elizabethtown
a the mountains, and thence through the Keene valley to Lake Placed, is a route through the most mountain ous region in the woods. It takes two days of hard staging to cover this route, and on the map it will be seen that it lies directly in the wilderness. The fact is, seen that these directly in the winderness. The fact is, however, that there is more of the forest primeral, more wilderness, and more solitude to be found in the Berk, shire hills or in northern New Jersey, within a few hours of New York city, than one sees on this journey, Taylor of New York city, than one sees on this journey, Taylor of New York city, than one sees on this journey, Taylor of New York city, than one sees on this journey, Taylor of New York city, than one sees on this journey, the participant of the improvements by faraners make them pastoral.

Here are found old reads and revisiant stage routes. The hotels are filled with isshiomable dance, first, drink at city-like bars, play the plano, read the daily papers, and consume time just as it is consumed at saratoga and Lake theory. Dudes, dudines, people with the begus fagilish drawl, and men with big isamonis are met on every hand. The only shooting that is perceptible is by missances who peg away at bottles and imcans on the grounds near the hotels. But "Go people of the stage of the people of the stage of the people of the stage of the st however, that there is more of the forest primeral, more

THE HEART OF THE WOODS,

The tourist really begins to see the forest primeval at
Lake Placid. Here the fashionable life continues at the

The tourist really begins to see the forest primeval at Lake Flacid. Here the fashionable life continues at the hotels, and a min can have a warm bath, champagne, the german, and all that sort of thing, but the hotels are at the entrance to the real woods, and very beautiful and natural is the forest and the lake and mountain country all around there. Here one begins to hear of der, bear, and trout. At the next stopping place the cameling begins, and guides must be hired to row the travellers through strates, found lake, and Upper Saramac, the wild and beautiful place where the President spent his vacation.

These guides furnish the changest and most countratained the second of the country of the language of their passengers over their books and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the language of their passengers over the towns and the renewing layers of moss going on for centuries, has left a covering of mould of great depth unon the rocks, while the undergrowth and lade work af falled trees and branches produce an almost impendirable jungle. Here is perfect reat. Here is absolute fresh air. Here is wondrously beautiful scenery. It is the wilderness in earnest. The same is true of the Mt. Regis chain of ponds; in fact here the scenery is even wilder and more beautiful and when a man has walked the three miles over Joe Baker's carry in the rain, and is so sick and tired of the woods that he wishes he had gone to Coney Island instead, he suddenly comes upon a full view of upper St. Regis Lake, and regets every thought of discontent he ev

keys chain of ponds; in fact here is scenery is even the three miles over Jue Baker's carry in the rain, and is one is and irred of the woods that he wishes he had go not to the woods that he wishes he had go not to the woods that he wishes he had go not to the woods that he wishes he had go not to the woods that he wishes he had go not to the woods that he wishes he were that the woods in th

two does, one doe being twice as big as a pug dog and one being the size of the average greyhound. If their hunting was a sample of the sport in the Adirondacks, that sport is a disgrace to civilization. The men and boys were placed on the runways and in tools on a like does not be took to the water, and a man in a bost put a gan to the head and plew its brains out. The other baby ran down a creek fill it came to four boys in a line, whose gans sent what the bove describe as a sheet of flame into its side as it stood at the mouth of the creek, uncertain which direction to continue its flight.

Badly wounded by an accidental shot, the animal stumbled, rose, ran a few steps, stumbled, and then fell at the edge of the lake.

"As it was about to rise and swim away," said one of the hunters, "I walked up, put my gain to its head, and hiew out its brains. The buck was killed by a guide, presumably he asportsmankie maxiner.

It is said that there are more deer every year in these woods, but this is contradicted by some authorities who say that the wood chopping on the northern edges is berding the deer in the center. Nobody can exastgerist in the record of the contradicted by some authorities who say that the wood chopping on the northern edges is berding the deer in the center. Nobody can exastgerist charge the file of the life of the

and, after looking around in a Marine-in-theranne-the manner, resulted plerations on the containt of the add feater. Mr. Stone and the other despitions thought that the upheaval had going farecough and notified hyperial Agent Histone of the washing the around to a bady battered form, despatched him with his exemptioner. Opinion is divided as to the cause of the amount of exemption of the feature of the additional to the local final histoners. The histoners of the feature of the amount of the best of that he was driven means from the how he recent of over the head.

A amount desper in the same neighborhood stated that the mile trad to enter his place he in the pead of the residence of Mr. Stone, but was driven of.

Minister (in grocery store)-I am pleased to see, Mr. Sugareand, that motto on the wall, "Hongety is the best policy," It will pay you from a business point of view, to say nothing of any thing else.

Mr. Sugarsand (hop-sfully)—I hope so, sir, but I havn's tried it long anough yet to make a fair test of it.

DRAW PORER IN THE OIL REGIONS. The Noteworthy Struggle that Wound Up the Career of a Phenomenal Town.

The topic was draw poker, and it had been suggested to a group of half a dozen New Yorkers in the Astor House rotunds by a newspaper paragraph which said that the little town of State Line was the greatest place for poker playing in all the oil regions.

Well, that's saying a good deal," said a man in the group, "for considering, the size of their average pile, the oil-fields poker sharps will stick to a pair of aces as faithfully as anybody

that ever took cards."
"But I knew of an oil town that in the summer of 1882 had about 15,000 inhabitants," the same man went on, "and by November of that year the sole industry of the town was draw poker. It was the town of Garfield, in Warren county. In the early part of the summer the first wild cat well in the Cherry Groove district blew the drill out of the hole and began flooding the region with oil. Within a few weeks a railroad was running over logs through the hemiock forest, a city of shantles and tents bad sprung up, and the drilling wells were so

the hemlock forest, a city of shantles and tonts had sprung up, and the drilling wells were so thick that the buil whoels almost rubbed against one another. It was estimated that 15,000 persons were on the top of that barren hill: there were theatres, dance houses, pool rooms, and gambling hells; all the noted fighters of the oli region were there, and the boom was the biggest thing of its kind ever seen in this country.

But the oil came out like water from a blister after half a dozen wells had been sunk, and by the time snow fell avery well was a dry hole. About the only persons loft there when I visited the town, just before the holidays, were the keeper of what had been the principal hotel, a Hebrew clother, and a Chinese hundryman. The hotel man had a big house on his hands, and was waiting for a chance to sell it for oid umber. The Hebrew clother's peculiarity was that he came there in his shirt sleeves, and no mnn ever had seen him have a cost on. The Chinaman was so fascinated by jack pots that he couldn't get away. These three residents had settled down to noker playing, evidentify to see which of the three should have what money they had left. They played in a room that had been occupied by the Sunday school of the First Methodist Church. Every morning, after a late breakfast, the hotel keeper builtoned up his great coat and walked leisurely to the poker room, the clothier's white shirt sleeves flashed around the corner, and the flowing toggery of the Chinaman flutiered in the biast as he joined the two other men. They kept up the game till late at night. I was there three days, and saw no other industry,

"The next spring I was in Warren for a day, and inquired how the game came out. The Chinaman's weakness for jack pots ruined him, they said, and he was last seen striking out 'cross lots for Oil City. The Hebrew ciothier hung on better, but his caution in the matter of buffling enabled the hotel man gradually to break him by taking an ante cut of him every time he had the age of ratural gas running

JINNIE.

Capt. La Rue's Pretty Cracker Girl and her Remarkable Career.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

hauting was a sample of the sport in the Adronducks, that sport is a disagrate to evivilization. The maked and shall as disagrate to evivilization. The maked and shall as disagrate to evivilization of the state of

rederes be the charmer who had once been the tak of two continents?

That was her last public appearance. She will next be tearl of when she registers at an asylum or a prison, or is fished out of the river and carried to the Morgue.

A Leyal Heart.

Drug Clerk (to customer;—Twenty grains o' quinine? Yes, sir. Shall I give you something to take away the taste of it? Customer (eyes bulging with astoniahment)—Take

Customer to the taste of the quinine, air.

Drug Clerk.—The taste of the quinine, air.

Customer isolemnty:—Vaung man, quinine is bread,
butter an pic to me. Its parients reserves from a tre
may washin, fromit, clothin, and a place to sleep it.

Take—away.—the—taste—of—ti! I'm a Wabash valley
man, and I'me a good mind ter comb ye down.